

*The History of*

thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of yaleur is Discretion; in the which better part, I haue saued my life. Zounds, I am as feard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too, and rise? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him sure; yea and Ile sweare I slew him. Why may not hee rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotspur on his backe. Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.*

*Prin.* Come, brother *John*, full brauely hast thou flest Thy mayden Sword.

*John.* But soft, who haue wee heere? Did you not tell mee this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I saw him dead, Breathlesse, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliu? Or is it fantasie that playes vpon our eye-sight? I praethee speake, wee will not trust our eyes Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fals.* No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falstaffe*, then am I a Iacker: here is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him slay the next *Percy* himselfe: I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* VVhy, *Percy* I slew my selfe, and saw thee dead.

*Fals.* Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was he, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, so: if not, let them that should reward Valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh; if the man were aliu, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale that euer I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother *John*, Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe thee good, Ile guild it with the happiast terme.

*A retreat is sounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpet sounds retreat, Come, brother, let's to the highest of To see what friends are liuing, who

*Fal.* Ile follow, as they say, for reu God reward him. If I do grow great and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as

*The Trumpets sound, enter the King John of Lancaster, Earle of V Worcestre and Verne*

*King.* Thus euer did rebellion finde Ill-spirited *Worcester*, did not we see Pardon and termes of loue to all of you And wouldst thou turne our offers of Misuse the tenor of my Kinsmans' tr Three Knights vpon our party slane A noble Earle, and many a creature Had beene aliu this houre, If like a Christian thou hadst truly Betwixt our armies true intelligenc

*Wor.* What I haue done, my safety And I embrace this fortune patiently Since not to be auoyded, it falls on me

*King.* Beare *Worcester* to the death, Other offenders we will pause vpon How goes the Field?

*Prince.* The noble Scot Lord *Dow* The fortune of the day turn'd quite The noble *Percy* slayne and all his m Vpon the foote of feare, fled with th And falling from a hill, he was so br That the pursuers tooke him. At m The *Douglas* is, and I beseech you I may dispose of him.